for wormes, but Ile go ſearch the market. *Exit.*

Pand. Three or foure thouſand Chickeens were as pretty a proportion to liue quietly, and ſo giue ouer.

Bawd. Why, to giue ouer I pray you? Is it a ſhame to get when we are old?

Pand. Oh our credit comes not in like the commoditie, nor the commodity wages not with the danger: therefore, if in our youths we could picke vp ſome pretty eſtate, t'were not amiſſe to keepe our doore hatch'd; beſides, the ſore termes wee ſtand vpon with the gods, will be ſtrong with vs for giuing ore.

Bawd. Come, other ſorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As wel as we, I, and better too, we offend worſe, neither is our profeſſion any Trade, it's no calling: but here comes *Boult.*

Enter Boult with the Pirates, and Marina.

Boult. Come your wayes my maſters, you ſay ſhee's a virgin?

Sayl. O ſir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Maſter, I haue gone through for this peece you ſee, If you like her, ſo; if not, I haue loſt my earneſt.

Bawd. Boult, ha's ſhe any qualities?

Boult, Shee ha's a good face, ſpeakes well, and ha's excellent good cloathes: ther's no farther neceſſity of qualities can make her be refuſd.

Bawd. What's her price, *Boult*?

Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a thouſand peeces.

Pand. Well, follow me my maſters, you ſhal haue your money preſently: wife, take her in, inſtruct her what ſhe has to do that ſhe may not be raw in her entertainment.

Baud. Boult, take you the markes of her, the colour of her haire, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity, and cry; He that will giue moſt, ſhal haue her firſt. Such a maiden-head were no cheap thing, if men were as they haue bene: Get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance ſhall follow. *Exit.*

Mar. Alacke that *Leonine* was ſo ſlacke, ſo ſlow:
He ſhould haue ſtrucke, not ſpoke;

Or

Or that theſe Pirates, not enough barbarous,
Had not ore-boord throwne me, for to ſeeke my

Baud. Why weepe you pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Baud. Come, the gods haue done their part in

Mar. I accuſe them not.

Baud. You are light into my hands,
Where you are like to liue.

Mar. The more my fault, to ſcape his hands,
Where I was like to dye.

Baud. I, and you ſhall liue in pleaſure.

Mar. No.

Baud. Yes indeede ſhall you, and taſte Gentle
ſhions. You ſhall fare well; you ſhall haue the di
complexions: what, de'ye ſtop your eares?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Baud. What would you haue me to bee, if I b
man?

Mar. An honeſt woman, or not a woman.

Baud. Marry whip thee Goſling: I thinke I ſh
to do with you. Come, y'are a yong fooliſh ſapli
be bowed as I would haue ye.

Mar. The gods defend me.

Baud. If it pleaſe the gods to defend you by m
muſt comfort you, men muſt feede you, men muſ
Boults return'd.

Enter Boult.

Now ſir, haſt thou cride her through the Market

Boult. I haue cride her almoſt to the number o
I haue drawne her picture with my voice.

Baud. And prethee tell me, how doſt thou find
tion of the people, eſpecially of the yonger ſort?

Boult. Faith they liſtned to me, as they would h
to their fathers Teſtament. There was a Spania
watered, that he went to bed to her very deſcript

Baud. Wee ſhall haue him heere to morrow
ruffe on.